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P O E M,
T O T H E
M E M O R Y
O F T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
T H E
L O R D T A L B O T,
Late Chancellor of Great Britain.

By Mr. THOMSON.

L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR, at *Buchanan's Head*, against *St. Clement's*
Church in the *Strand*. M.DCC.XXXVII.

(Price 1 s.)

A
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TO THE

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OF THE

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TO THE
M E M O R Y
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THE
Lord T A L B O T.

W H I L E, with the Public, you, M Y L O R D, lament
A Friend and Father lost; permit the *Muse*,
The *Muse* assign'd of old a double Theme,
To praise dead Worth and humble living Pride,

Whose generous Task begins where Int'rest ends, 5

Permit her on a TALBOT's Tomb to lay

This cordial Verse sincere, by Truth inspir'd,

Which means not to bestow but borrow Fame.

Yes, she may sing his matchless Virtues now —

Unhappy! that she *may*.— But where begin? 10

How from the Diamond single out each Ray,

That, tho' they tremble with ten thousand Hues,

Effuse one poignant undivided Light?

Let the Low-minded of these narrow Days

No more presume to deem the lofty Tale 15

Of antient Times, in Pity to their Own,

Romance. In TALBOT we united saw

The piercing Eye, the quick enlighten'd Soul,

The graceful Ease, the flowing Tongue of Greece,

Join'd to the Virtues and the Force of Rome. 20

ETERNAL

ETERNAL WISDOM, that All-quick'ning Sun,
 Whence every Life, in just Proportion, draws
 Directing Light and actuating Flame,
 Ne'er with a larger Portion of it's Beams
 Awaken'd mortal Clay. Hence steady, calm, 25
 Diffusive, deep and clear, his Reason saw,
 With instantaneous View, the Truth of Things;
 Chief what to Human Life and Human Bliss
 Pertains, that kindest Science, fit for Man :
 And hence, responsive to his Knowledge, glow'd 30
 His ardent Virtue. Ignorance and Vice,
 In Confort foul, agree ; Each heightning Each ;
 While Virtue draws from Knowledge nobler Fire,
 Is Knowledge of true Pleasure, prov'd by Deeds.

What grand, what comely, and what tender Sense, 35
 What Talent, and what Virtue was not His?
 All that can render Man or great, or good,

Give useful Worth, or amiable Grace?
 Nor could he brook in studious Shade to lie,
 In soft Retirement, indolently pleas'd 40
 With selfish Peace. The SYREN of the Wise,
 (Who steals th' *Aonian* Song, and, in the shape
 Of Virtue, woos them from a worthless World)
 Tho' deep he felt her Charms, could never melt
 His strenuous Spirit, recollected, calm; 45
 As silent Night, yet active as the Day.
 The more the Bold, the Buffling, and the Bad,
 Usurp the Reins of Power, the more behoves,
 Becomes it Virtue, with indignant Zeal,
 To check their Conjurat'ion. Shall low Views 50
 Of sneaking Int'rest or luxurious Vice,
 The Villain's Passions, quicken more to Toil,
 And dart a livelier Vigour thro' the Soul,
 Than Those that, mingled with our truest Good,
 With

With present Honour and immortal Fame, 55
 Involve the Good of All ? An empty Form,
 Vain is the Virtue, that amid the Shade
 Lamenting lies, with future Schemes amus'd,
 While *Wickedness* and *Folly*, *kindred Powers*,
 Confound the World: A TALBOT's, different far, 60
 Sprung into Action : Action, that disdain'd
 To lose, in living Death, one Pulse of Life,
 That might be sav'd ; disdain'd, for Coward Ease,
 And her insipid Pleasures, to resign
 The Prize of Glory, the keen Sweets of Toil, 65
 And those high Joys that teach the truly Great
 To live for Others, and for Others die.
 Early behold ! he breaks benign on Life.
 Not breathing more Beneficence, the Spring
 Leads, in her swelling Train, the gentle Airs ; 70
 While gay, behind Her, smiles the kindling Waste

Of ruffian Storms and Winter's lawless Rage.
 In Him *Astrea*, to this dim Abode
 Of ever-wandering Men, return'd again :
 To bless them his Delight, to bring them back, 75
 From thorny Error, from unjoyous Wrong,
 Into the Paths of kind primeval Faith,
 Of Happiness and Justice. All his Parts,
 His Virtues all, collected, fought the Good
 Of Human-kind. For That he, fervent, felt 80
 The Throb of Patriots, when they model States :
 Anxious for That, nor needful Sleep could hold
 His still-awaken'd Soul ; nor Friends had Charms
 To steal, with pleasing Guile, an healing Hour ;
 Toil knew no Languor, no Attraction Joy. 85
 The common Father Such of erring Men !
 A froward Race ! incessant in Pursuit
 Of flying Good, or of fallacious Bliss :

Still as they thwart and mingle in the Chace,
 Now Fraud, now Force, now Cruelty and Crimes, 90
 Attempting All to feize a Brother's Prize;

HE fits superior to the little Fray,
 Detects the Legal Snares of mazy Guile,
 With the proud Mighty bids the Feeble cope,
 And into social Life the Villain daunts. 95

Be nam'd, victorious Ravagers, no more!
 Vanish, ye Human Comets! shrink your Blaze!
 Ye that your Glory to your Terrors owe,
 As, o'er the gazing desolated Earth,
 You scatter Famine, Pestilence and War; 100
 Vanish! before this vernal Sun of Fame,
 Effulgent Sweetness! beaming Life and Joy.

How the Heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke!
 While on th' enlighten'd Mind, with winning Art,
 His gentle Reason so persuasive stole, 105

That

That the charm'd Hearer thought it was his own.
 Ah! when, ye studious of the Laws, again
 Shall such enchanting Lessons bless your Ear?
 When shall again the darkeſt Truths, perplex,
 Be ſet in ample Day? Again the Harſh 110
 And Arduous open into ſmiling Eaſe?
 The Solid mix with elegant Delight?
 To Him the pureſt Eloquence indulg'd
 Eternal Treafure, Light and Heat combin'd,
 At once to pour Conviction on the Soul, 115
 And mould, with lawful Flame, th' impaſſion'd Heart.
 That dangerous Gift, which to the ſtrictly Juſt,
 And Good, alone, belongs, lay ſafe with Him
 Repos'd. He ſacred to his Country's Cauſe,
 To trampled Want and Worth, to ſuffering Right, 120
 To the lone Widow's and her Orphan's Woes,
 Reſerv'd the mighty Charm. With equal Brow,

Deſpiſing

Despising then the Smiles or Frowns of Power,
 He all that noblest Eloquence effus'd,
 Which wakes the tender or exalting Tear, 125
 When generous Passions, taught by Reason, speak.
 Then spoke the Man; and, over barren Art,
 Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom Then
 His Client was, Humanity and Truth.

Plac'd on the Seat of Justice, There he reign'd, 130
 In a superior Sphere of cloudless Day,
 A pure Intelligence. No Tumult There,
 No dark Emotion, no intemp'rate Heat,
 No Passion e'er disturb'd the clear Serene
 That round Him spread. A Zeal for Right, alone, 135
 The Love of Justice, like the steady Sun,
 Unbating Ardor lent; and now and then,
 Against the Sons of Violence, of Pride,
 And bold Deceit, his Indignation gleam'd.

As Intuition quick, he snatch'd the Truth, 140
 Yet with progressive Patience, Step by Step,
 Self-diffident, or to the Slower kind,
 He thro' the Maze of Falsehood urg'd it on,
 Till, at the last evolv'd, it full appear'd,
 And even the Loser own'd the just Decree. 145

But when, in Senates, He, to FREEDOM firm,
 Enlighten'd FREEDOM, plann'd salubrious Laws,
 His various Learning, his wide Knowledge, Then,
 His Insight deep into BRITANNIA'S Weal,
 Spontaneous seem'd from simple Sense to flow, 150
 And the plain Patriot smooth'd the Brow of Law.
 No specious Swell, no frothy Pomp of Words,
 Fell on the cheated Ear ; no study'd Maze
 Of Declamation, to perplex the Right,
 He darkening threw around : safe in itself, 155
 In it's own Force, almighty Reason spoke ;

While

While on the great the ruling Point, at once,
 He stream'd decisive Day, and show'd it vain
 To lengthen farther out the clear Debate.
 Conviction breathes Conviction; to the Heart, 160
 Pour'd ardent forth in Eloquence *unbid*,
 The Heart attends: for let the *Venal* try
 Their every hard'ning stupifying Art,
 Truth must prevail, Zeal will enkindle Zeal,
 And Nature, skilful touch'd, is honest still. 165

Behold Him in the Councils of his Prince.
 What faithful Light he lends? How rare, in Courts,
 Such Wisdom! such Abilities! and join'd
 To Virtue so determin'd, Public Zeal,
 And Honour of such adamant Proof, 170
 As even CORRUPTION, hopeless, and o'er-aw'd,
 Durst not have tempted. Yet of Manners mild,
 And winning every Heart, he knew to please,

Nobly to please ; while equally he scorn'd
Or Adulation to receive, or give. 175

Happy the State ! where wakes a ruling Eye
Of such Inspection keen, and general Care.

Beneath a Guard so vigilant, so pure,

All-trusted, All-rever'd, and All-belov'd,

Toil may resign his careless Head to Rest, 180

And ever-jealous FREEDOM sleep in Peace.

Ah ! lost untimely ! lost in *downward* Days !

And many a Patriot Counsel with him lost !

Counsels, that might have humbled BRITAIN'S Foe,

Her *native* Foe, from eldest Time by Fate 185

Appointed, as did once a TALBOT'S Arms.

Let Learning, Arts, let universal Worth,

Lament a Patron lost, a Friend and Judge.

Unlike the Sons of Vanity, that, veil'd

Beneath the Patron's prostituted Name, 190

Dare

Dare sacrifice a worthy Man to Pride,
 And flush Confusion o'er an honest Cheek.
 Oblig'd when he oblig'd, it seem'd a Debt
 Which He to Merit, to the Public, paid,
 That can, alone, by Virtue, station'd high, 195
Recover Fame; to his own Heart a Debt,
 And to the great all-bounteous Source of Good.
 The gracious Flood, that cheers the letter'd World,
 Is not the noisy Gift of Summer's Noon,
 Whose sudden Current, from the naked Root, 200
 Washes the little Soil which yet remain'd,
 And only more dejects the blushing Flowers:
 No, 'tis the soft-descending Dews at Eve,
 The silent Treasures of the vernal Year,
 Indulging deep their Stores, the still Night long; 205
 Till, with returning Morn, the freshen'd World
 Is Fragrance all, all Beauty, Joy and Song.

Still let me view him in the pleasing Light
 Of private Life, where Pomp forgets to glare,
 And where the plain unguarded Soul is seen. 210
 Not only There most amiable, best,
 But with that truest Greatness He appear'd,
 Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd
 In the soft Graces of the friendly Scene,
 Inspiring social Confidence and Ease. 215
 As free the Converse of the Wise and Good,
 As joyous, disentangling every Power,
 And breathing mixt Improvement with Delight,
 As when amid the various-blossom'd Spring,
 Or gentle-beaming Autumn's pensive Shade, 220
 The Philosophic Mind with Nature talks.
 Say, ye his SONS, his dear Remains, with Whom
 The Father laid superfluous State aside,
 Yet swell'd your filial Duty thence the more,

With

With Friendship swell'd it, with Esteem, with Love, 225
 Beyond the Ties of Blood, oh ! speak the Joy,
 The pure Serene, the chearful Wisdom mild,
 The virtuous Spirit, which his vacant Hours,
 In Semblance of Amusement, thro' the Breast
 Infus'd. And thou, O RUNDLE ! lend thy strain, 230
 Thou darling Friend ! thou Brother of his Soul !
 In whom the Head and Heart their Stores unite,
 Whatever Fancy paints, Invention pours,
 Judgment digests, the well-tun'd Bosom feels,
 Truth natural moral or divine has taught, 235
 The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing.
 Lend me the Plaint, which, to the lonely Main,
 With Memory conversing, you will pour,
 As on the pebbled Shore you, pensive, stray,
 Where *Derry's* Mountains a bleak Crescent form, 240
 And mid their ample Round receive the Waves,

That

That from the frozen Pole, resounding, rush,
 Impetuous. Tho' from native Sun-shine driven,
 Driven from your Friends, the Sun-shine of the Soul,
 By slanderous Zeal, and Politicks infirm, 245
 Jealous of Worth; yet will you bless your Lot,
 Yet will you triumph in your glorious Fate,
 Whence TALBOT'S *Friendship* glows to future Times,
 Intrepid, warm; of kindred Tempers born;
 Nurs'd, by Experience, into slow Esteem, 250
 Calm Confidence unbounded, Love not blind,
 And the sweet Light from mingled Minds disclos'd,
 From mingled Chymic Oils as bursts the Fire.

I too remember well that mental Bowl,
 Which round his Table flow'd. The Serious, There, 255
 Mix'd with the Sportive, with the Learn'd the Plain:
 Mirth soften'd Wisdom, Candor temper'd Mirth;
 And Wit it's Honey lent, without the Sting.

Not fimple Nature's unaffected Sons,
 The blameless *Indians*, round their Forest-Chear, 260
 In funny Lawn or shady Covert fet,
 Hold more unspotted Converſe : nor, of old,
Rome's awful Conſuls, her Dictator-Swains,
 As on the Product of their *Sabine* Farms
 They far'd, with ſtricter Virtue fed the Soul : 265
 Nor yet in *Athens*, at an Attic Meal,
 Where SOCRATES preſided, fairer Truth,
 More elegant Humanity, more Grace,
 Wit more refin'd, or deeper Science reign'd.
 But far beyond the little vulgar Bounds 270
 Of Family, of Friends, of Country, Kind,
 By juſt Degrees, and with proportion'd Flame,
 Extended his Benevolence : a Friend
 To Human-kind, to Parent Nature's Works
 Of free Access, and of engaging Grace, 275

Such as a Brother to a Brother owes,
 He kept an open judging Ear for All,
 And spread an open Countenance, where smil'd
 The fair Effulgence of an open Heart;
 While on the Rich, the Poor, the High, the Low, 280
 With equal Ray, his ready Goodness shone:
For Nothing human foreign was to Him.

Thus to a dread Inheritance, MY LORD,
 And hard to be supported, you succeed:
 But, kept by Virtue, as by Virtue gain'd, 285
 It will, thro' latest Time, enrich your Race,
 When grosser Wealth shall moulder into Dust,
 And with their Authors in Oblivion sunk
 Vain Titles lie, the *servile Badges* oft
 Of mean Submission, not the Meed of Worth. 290
 True genuine Honour it's large Patent holds
 Of all Mankind, thro' every Land and Age,

Of universal Reason's various Sons,
 And even of GOD himself, sole perfect Judge!
 Who sees with other Eyes than flattering Men. 295

Mean-time these noblest Honours of the Mind
 On rigid Terms descend: the high-plac'd Heir,
 Scan'd by the Public Eye, that, with keen Gaze,
 Malignant, seeks out Faults, cannot thro' Life,
 Amid the nameless Insects of a Court, 300

If such to Life belong, unheeded, steal:
 He must be glorious or he must be base.

This Truth to you, who merit well to bear
 A Name to BRITONS dear, th' officious *Muse*
 May safely sing, and sing without Reserve. 305

Vain were the Plaint, and ignorant the Tear
 That should a TALBOT mourn. Ourselves, indeed,
 Our sinking Country, *Human-kind enslav'd*,
 We may lament. But let us, grateful, joy,

That e'er such Virtues gave our Days to shine; 310

Above the dark Abyſs of modern Time ;

That we ſuch Virtues knew, ſuch Virtues felt,

And feel them ſtill, teaching our Views to riſe

Thro' ever-bright'ning Scenes of future Worlds.

Be dumb, ye worſt of Zealots ! Ye that, prone 315

To thoughtleſs Duſt, renounce that generous Hope,

Whence every Joy below it's Spirit draws,

And every Pain it's Balm: a TALBOT's Light,

A TALBOT's Virtues claim another Source,

Than the blind Maze of undeſigning Blood ; 320

Nor when that vital Fountain plays no more,

Can they be quench'd amid the gelid Stream.

Methinks I ſee his mounting Spirit, freed

From tangling Earth, regain the Realms of Day,

It's native Country, whence, to bleſs Mankind, 325

ETERNAL GOODNESS, on this darkſom Spot,

Had

Had ray'd it down a while. Behold ! approv'd
 By the tremendous JUDGE of Heaven and Earth,
 And to th' ALMIGHTY FATHER'S Presence join'd,
 Whose Smile creative beams superior Life, 330
 He takes his Rank, in Glory, and in Bliss,
 Amid the Human Worthies. Glad around
 Crowd his compatriot Shades, and point him out,
 With noble Pride, BRITANNIA'S blameless Boast.
 Ah ! who is He, that with a fonder Eye 335
 Meets Thine enraptur'd ?— 'Tis the best of Sons !
 The best of Friends !— Too soon is realiz'd
 That Hope, which once forbid thy Tears to flow !
 Meanwhile the kindred Souls of every Land,
 Ho we'er divided in the fretful Days 340
 Of Prejudice and Error) mingled now,
 In one selected never-jarring State,
 Where GOD Himself their only Monarch reigns,

Partake the Joy ; yet, such the Sense that still
Remains of earthly Woes, for us below, 345

And for our Loss, they drop a pitying Tear.

But cease presumptuous *Muse*, nor vainly strive
To quit this cloudy Sphere that binds thee down :

'Tis not for mortal Hand to trace these Scenes,
Scenes, that our gross Ideas groveling cast 350
Behind, and strike our boldest Language dumb.

Forgive, IMMORTAL SHADE ! if aught from Earth,
From Dust low-warbled, to those Groves can rise,
Where flows unbidden Harmony, forgive

This fond superfluous Verse. With deep-felt Voice, 355
On every Heart impress'd, thy Deeds themselves

Attest thy Praise. Thy Praise the Widow's Sighs,
And Orphan's Tears embalm. The Good the Bad,

The Sons of Justice and the Sons of Strife,
All that of FREEDOM or that Int'rest prize, 360

A deep-divided Nation's Parties all,
 Conspire to swell thy spotless Praise to Heaven.
 They catch it There; and, to seraphic Lyre,
 Celestial Voices thy Arrival hail.
 How vain this Tribute then! this lowly Lay! 365
 Yet nothing vain which Gratitude inspires.
 The *Muse*, besides, her Duty thus approves
 To Virtue, to her Country, to Mankind,
 TO FORMING NATURE, that, in glorious Charge,
 As to her Priestess, has it given, to hymn 370
 Whatever good and excellent she forms.

THE END.



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